Hast. His grace lookes chearefully and smooth to day,
Theres some conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,
That can lesse hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he shewed to day?
Hast. Marry that with no man heere he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue shewde it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.
Enter Glocester.
Glo. I pray you all, what do they deserue
That do conspire my death with diuelish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild?
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?
Hast. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:
I say my Lord they haue deserued death,
Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesse of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Hast. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned strumpet.
Telst thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head: Now by Saint *Paul*,
I will not dine to day I swere,
Vntill I see the same; some see it done:
The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Hast. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca. with Hast.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I disdaind it and did scorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth Horse did stumble,
And started when he lookt vpon the Tower,
As

As loth to beare me to the slau
Oh now I warrant the Priest th
I now repent I told the Pursiu
As twere triumphing at mine e
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily
And I my selfe secure in grace
Oh *Margret*, *Margret*, now th
Is lightned on poore *Hastings*
Cat. Dispatch my Lord, the I
Make a short shrift, he longs to
Hast. O momentary state of
Which we more hunt for, then
Who builds his hopes in the a
Liues like a drunken sayler on
Ready with euery nod to tum
Into the fatall bowels of the c
Come leade me to the blocke
They smile at me, that shortly
Enter Duke of Glocester, and
Glo. Come cousen, canst thou
Murder thy breath in middle o
And then begin againe and sto
As if thou wert destract and m
Buc. Tut feare not me,
I can counterfeit the deepe Tr
Speake and looke backe and
Intending deepe suspition gas
Are at my seruice like enforst
And both are ready in their o
To grace my stratagems.
Glo. Here comes the Maior
Buc. Let me alone to enterta
Glo. Looke to the draw-brid
Buc. The reason we haue sen
Glo. *Catesby* ouer-looke the
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumm
Glo. Looke backe defend the
Buc. God and our innocenc
Glo. O, O, be quiet it is *Cate*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37